I got a promiſe of this faire one heere
To have her love : provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her miſtres.
*Por.* Is this true *Nerriſſa?*
*Ner.* Madam it is, ſo you ſtand pleaſd withall.
*Baſſ.* And do you *Gratiano* mean good faith?
*Gra.* Yes faith my Lord.
*Baſſ.* Our feaſt ſhall be much honoured in your mariage.
*Gra.* Weel play with them the firſt boy for a thouſand ducats.
*Ner.* What, and ſtake down?
No, we ſhall nere win at that ſport and ſtake downe.
But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his Infidell?
What, and my old *Venecian* friend *Salerio?*
*Enter* Lorenſo, Jeſſica, *and* Salerio
*from* Venice.
*Baſſa.* *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new intreſt here
Have power to bid you welcome : by your leave,
I bid my friends and countreymen,
Sweet *Portia* welcome.
*Por.* So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.
*Lor.* I thanke your honour; for my part my Lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did intreate me paſt all ſaying nay
To come with him along.
*Sal.* I did my Lord,
And I have reaſon for it, Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you.
*Baſſ.* Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
*Sal.* Not ſick my Lord, unleſſe it be in mind,
Nor well, unleſſe in mind : his letter there
Will ſhew you his eſtate. *open the letter.*
*Gra.* *Nerriſſa*, cheer yond ſtranger, bid her welcome.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from *Venice?*
How doth that royall Merchant good *Anthonio?*
I know he will be glad of our ſucceſſe,





We are the *Iaſons*, we have wonne t
*Sal.* I would you had won the fle
*Por.* There are ſome ſhrewd con
That ſteales the colour from *Baſſanio*
Some deere friend dead, elſe nothing
Could turne ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man : what worſe a
With leave *Baſſanio* I am halfe your
And I muſt have the halfe of any thin
That this ſame Paper brings you.
*Baſſ.* O ſweet *Portia*,
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt w
That ever blotted Paper. Gentle Lad
When I did firſt impart my love to
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ranne in my veines, I was a Gentle
And then I told you true : and yet de
Rating my ſelfe at nothing, you ſhall
How much I was a Braggart, when I
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then
That I was worſe then nothing; for
I have ingag'd my ſelfe to a deere fri
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enem
To feed my meanes. Here is a Letter
The Paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound
Iſſuing life bloud. But is it true *Sale*
Hath all his ventures fail'd, what not
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico* and *En*
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,
And not one Veſſell ſcape the dread
Of Merchant-marring rocks?
*Sal.* Not one my Lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appeare, that if he h
The preſent money to diſcharge the
He vvould not take it : never did I k
A creature that did beare the ſhape o
So keen and greedy to confound a m



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